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Life



In God We Trust

QUOTH the Cock to the Eagle, "Mon Dieu, doodle-doo!
I'm in a bad fix and it's owing to you!"

"That it's owing to me," screamed the Eagle, "is true,
So pay me what's owing and pay P.D.Q."

"Hélas!" wailed the Cock, "all the gold that you lent
To meet our sore need, in your markets was spent,
And all that you sold us (no wonder we chafe!)
Helped to make your own shores for Democracy safe;
You paid yourself back—We have nothing to show
But a Country despoiled and a prospering foe!"

"Tut, tut!" squawked the Eagle—"Remember, Mon Cher,
Les affaires (your own motto, sir!) *sont les affaires!*"

"And yours," crowed the Cock with a shrug, "if I just
Remember it rightly, is IN GOD WE TRUST."

O. H.

LIFE, with Apologies to La Vie Parisienne



OLD WINE IN NEW FLASKS

"I had not expected to find such a charming gentleman so neglected of my sex, or is it that you are *ennuyé*?" asked La Belle France, smiling as gracefully as though Lloyd George were a monument and not an annoyance.

"You may always find me at home now, Mademoiselle," LIFE sighed. "In this country a man's castle has become his cellarette."

"Mais oui! I should have known," was the response. "In Paris it has become that an American is known by the size of his hips. They bulge so, like the ladies' shoulders of the leg-of-sheep gowns."

"What would you? Surely you can sympathize," LIFE protested. "After all, we are but what our tailors make us—and our bootleggers."

"Again, yes," La Belle France answered. "But it is I who came to receive sympathy, since it is I who need it most."

"Nothing, Mademoiselle, is easier than sympathizing with a beautiful woman, unless it is allowing a beautiful woman to sympathize with you," LIFE said, earnestly.

"Ah! I am so happy to learn that," La Belle France exclaimed. "I knew that you would not be unkind, LIFE. I have always smiled at you; and you have smiled in return sometimes."

LIFE coughed.

"It is an inherited weakness," he muttered, somewhat confusedly. "But, tell me, Mademoiselle, what is it that troubles you now?" he inquired.

"I am desolate," was the reply. "In the world I am alone, bereft of friends."

"It is always so with beauty," LIFE consoled. "Beauty has many affairs, but few friendships."

"But friendships have so many beauties," La Belle France protested. "I hope I have not lost them all."

"You have not," LIFE assured her. "But you must remember that the long visit needs the longer absence. We came, by the millions . . ."

"They were magnificent!"

"By the millions, but propinquity shattered some illusions," LIFE continued, gravely. "Time is restoring them. Distance lends enchantment, also, to the aspects of friendship."

"Agreed. Also it adds much to the telephone bills," La Belle France commented, "and you get the incorrect number so often."

"Our telephone service is improving—slowly," LIFE smiled, reassuringly.

"Then my voice will reach you more readily in the future?" La Belle France inquired, anxiously.

"And more distinctly."

"I am greatly relieved," La Belle France confessed, with a deep sigh. "Your words are as refreshing as the good wine of Bordeaux."

"As for that, Mademoiselle," said LIFE, "since you are a stranger in a strange and desert land, let me offer you, also, hip service."

"I don't mind if I do," the fair visitor agreed.

"À votre santé."

"Here's looking at you!"

MAGUINISSE.



Le Mendicant: Si elle n'a pas du chic, que le ciel me rende aveugle cette minute!



American Poets Illustrated in the French Manner



Life's Calendar

By Marc Connelly and

for
july

George S. Kaufman



John Held Jr

1—Sa.—STRAW HATS ONE-THIRD OFF. Battle of Gettysburg, 1863. Battle of San Juan, 1898. Boiling water is poured over piece of French pastry without cracking varnish, 1922.

2—Su.—James A. Garfield assassinated, 1881. Diner in restaurant successfully summons waiter by tapping on water glass with knife, 1897.

3—M.— Battle of Santiago, 1898. American character in English novel does not say "I calculate," 1906. Modern boy asks what fire crackers were, 1922.

4—Tu.—INDEPENDENCE DAY (sic). Nathaniel Hawthorne born, 1804. Stephen Collins Foster born, 1826. Patent Bureau established; patents begin to pend, 1836. Vicksburg surrenders, 1863. King of Norway gets annual mention in newspapers, 1920.



5—W.—David G. Farragut born, 1801. P. T. Barnum born, starting one-a-minute series, 1810. Manufacturers decide to toast Lucky Strike tobacco instead of soft-boiling it, 1916.

6—Th.—John Paul Jones born, 1747. Republican Party founded, 1854; no dancing in streets, 1922. Iowa inventor attains huge income by designing portable bathtubs for consumers of Eskimo Pies, 1925.

7—F.— Sitting down invented by Adam, B. C. 12,973. Rupert Hughes discovers the movies, 1915. Last remaining American household substitutes doilies for tablecloths, 1937.

8—Sa.—Emmett J. Carwell, first man to return a pair of guaranteed hose to the dealer, born, 1871. *Vanity Fair* reader breaks all records by finding the Table of Contents in 4 minutes and 13 seconds, 1919.

9—Su.—German submarine Deutschland crosses the Atlantic, 1916; Germany wishes it hadn't, 1922. New York newspaper agrees to print picture of Babe Ruth, 1922.

10—M.— Wyoming admitted to Union, 1890. Bryan makes crown-of-thorns speech, 1896. Walter C. Gripple, Boise City, Idaho, remembers to close top of talcum powder box when packing suitcase, 1918.

11—Tu.—John Quincy Adams born, 1767. Hamilton-Burr duel, 1804. Salt water taffy invented at Atlantic City, 1875. Advertising manager for Campbell's Soups buys a rhyming dictionary, 1887.

12—W.—First editorial on "New Amsterdam as a Summer Resort," 1665. Mr. Emerson decides on shade of blue bottles for Bromo-Seltzer, 1872.

13—Th.—Civil War Draft Riots in New York, 1863. Cyrus W. Field lays the Atlantic cable; American papers begin to reprint London editorials, 1866. First international conference called to decide what to do with meerschaum pipes after they are colored, 1930.

14—F.—First world's fair opened in New York; Grand Prix for suspender buttons goes to Little Magnet Suspender Button Co., Inc., 1853.

15—Sa.—Georgia readmitted into Union, 1870; Georgia still acts as though she hadn't been, 1922. Battle of Chateau-Thierry, 1918. Built-in flasks invented for hip pockets, 1925.



16—Su.—Printing invented, 1451; book reviewing starts, 1452. Velvet Joe turns philosopher, 1906.

17—M.— Resident of Montpelier, Vt., instructed by physician to take daily exercise, lays out strict schedule of gymnasium work and sticks to it, 1901. World's largest American flag unfurled, 1789-1922, inclusive.

18—Tu.—Census of cooks reveals seven people on Western Hemisphere who know how to make cranberry jelly properly, 1922. Actor, playing scene over telephone, pauses between lines long enough to create illusion of someone speaking at the other end, 1926.

19—W.—First Woman's Rights Convention, 1848.

20—Th.— Joke about pretty girls and dry bathing suits invented, 1731. Last railroad man buys a Hamilton Watch, 1927.

21—F.—Battle of Bull Run, 1861. Hottest July 21 on record; thirteen real oranges used to provide Orange Drink for 17,500,000 persons throughout United States, 1922.

22—Sa.—Color photography invented, 1890; 64 companies announce that they have finally solved problem of adapting it to motion pictures, 1922. A. H. Woods, announcing plans for season, declares he is through with bedroom farces, 1922.

23—Su.—U. S. Grant dies, 1885. Woman smoking cigarette actually knocks all the ashes into ash receptacle, instead of around it, 1923.

24—M.— Brigham Young founds Mormon colony in Utah; Brigham begins, 1847. Lumpless mashed potatoes discovered in hotel, 1915.

25—Tu.—Smokeless powder first used, 1891. Man found in Red Bank, New Jersey, who does not believe his wife would make a wonderful interior decorator, 1922.

26—W.— Yorick J. Billingsgate, Nashville, Tenn., purchases a stamp from a friend and finds that he actually has the two cents in change, 1917.

27—Th.—First wireless communication between United States and Japan; W. R. Hearst sees menace, 1913. Man waiting to cash a check for \$5 at paying teller's window, does not find customer ahead of him with 20-minute payroll to be made out, 1924.

28—F.— First railway mail car; "lone bandit" invented, 1862. Artificial fruit looks real, 1960.

29—Sa.—Fourteenth Amendment adopted; Eighteenth gets closer and closer, 1868. Expressman carries trunk out of house without being told to look out for the chandelier, 1894.

30—Su.—Sliced peaches invented, 1179. William Hodge gets a regular play, 1980.

31—M.—Each of seven New York newspapers simultaneously proves by sworn statement that its circulation is larger than those of other six, 1922. Toupee fool's somebody, 1973.





Drawn for Life by F. Fabiano

"Do you always read in the original French?"
 "Yes, translations are so indecent."

An Outline of Current History 1919-22

SPRING,
1919

French *cordon sanitaire* pierced by a Russian plumber.

As retaliation, France threatens to occupy the Ruhr. When interviewed, "Tiger" growls and says, "Eat 'em alive."

Summer,
1919

A German was seen in Paris actually consuming food, contrary to the provisions of the Versailles Treaty.

France threatens occupancy of the Ruhr as a retaliatory measure.

Lloyd George goes to Switzerland. Settles everything.

Fall,
1919

A German cigar salesman apprehended in the act of closing a deal with Pomade Hongroise of the Coq d'Or. German "dumping" feared.

Pertinax advises an advance on the Ruhr. Lloyd George goes to Italy. Settles everything.

Winter,
1920

Natives in French Morocco demand home rule and disestablishment of the church. France suspects Bolshevik gold.

Advance on Ruhr hinted at by officials. Lloyd George goes to Holland. Settles everything.

Spring,
1920

Henri Barbusse writes another book. Anatole France, Romain Rolland, J. M. Keynes and Karl Radek seen dining together. International plot suspected.

Battle plans for advance on Ruhr drafted. Lloyd George goes to sleep. Settles everything.

Summer,
1920

Secret agents report German children spending money freely on Shakespearean Drama. This is taken by Reparation experts as conclusive evidence of Germany's ability to pay indemnity. If payments not forthcoming, advance on Ruhr foreshadowed.

Lloyd George goes to Cannes. Settles everything.

Fall,
1920

Prominent French banker returns from Germany. Says Germans making a worldwide effort to capture mouse-trap trade. French manufacturers seriously perturbed. Question discussed in Chamber and estaminets.

Mobilization expected for advance on the Ruhr.

Lloyd George goes to Paris. Settles everything.

Winter,
1921

Germany desires a conference in which will be included Russia. Proposes to occupy same room as French delegates. French War Ministry prostrate. When recovered, an advance on the Ruhr expected.

Lloyd George stays in England. Settles everything.

Spring,
1921

Russia wants to discuss disarmament. Germany evinces a similar inclination.

In a strenuous effort to avoid war, France proposes to advance on the Ruhr.

Lloyd George informs Press "Everything's jake-a-loo."



Or Some Such Precaution

- Summer, 1921 Frensid Guff, a Soviet trade commissioner, in Paris, at a recent ball to commemorate victory, stepped on the toes of Mesdames L'Ard, Watteau and Jenkins. Reparations demanded for chiropodist's charges. Advance is expected on the Ruhr. Lloyd George makes a hole in one.
- Fall, 1921 Lenine's razor discovered to be of German origin. Experts regard this as proof of collusion with Germany. To avert war, L'Homme Nutte advises immediate cessation of peace.
- Winter, 1922 Coal industry in England on verge of disaster. Much unemployment due to loss of trade by delivery of German coal to France in payment of indemnities. Advance on Ruhr anticipated.
- Spring, 1922 French agents find German Landstürmer sleeping in a haystack. Secret mobilization of Prussian forces feared. 1949 class called for service on Ruhr.
- Later. Nietzsche's "Genealogy of Morals" found in hands of French schoolgirl. France demands cessation of German propaganda. In the event of non-compliance, advance—

Here, for the moment, our history ceases. What lies ahead, none but the editor of *Le Temps* knows. In the meantime, your historian will go on taking notes, and, at some future date, issue another history supplementary to this, provided he can keep out of the way of the proposed French advance on the Ruhr.

J. H.

Ensuite

"The rest of the American War-dead will be left buried in the French cemeteries."

BENEATH the bloodied loam of France they lie,
Where marched the armies of the Meuse in might;
Where shells, like yellow poppies in the sky
Stood out against the sable of the night.

Where rolled the khaki-brown, historic tide,
Along the fallow fields that steel had tilled;
They planted pearl-white blossoms, crimson-dyed,
And left them there to flower as they willed.

What matter that they rest in foreign soil?
They went in pride to seek a Golden Fleece:
Peace in a world that still in endlessmoil
Values its gewgaw theories more than peace.

Whether we lift them up or let them stay
Can be of little moment to the slain;
But this clear call-is blazoned down the way:
"That these our dead shall not have died in vain."

Beneath the bloodied loam of France they rest,
The ghostly armies of a sister land;
That France know us at last is their bequest;
That we know France, and better understand.

W. D.

SOME people get so used to being looked up to that they carry their pedestals around with them.



"I've prayed and prayed for a new hat, but I haven't got one yet."
"Why don't you try crying?"



NOW that we have a sane Fourth of July perhaps something can be done about the other 364 days.

The Hearst boom for Governor is not so much a boom as a dull thud.

Daugherty says he wouldn't resign for a million dollars. Can't the fund be increased to meet his figure?

Babies are now to be finger-printed at birth. In the case of twins this will make it possible to tell which one is crying.

The latest song in Ireland: "If a body meet a body coming through the riot."

What Ireland seems to have achieved is a peace de resistance.

One reason women play bridge is that they may have something to think about while they talk.

On the arrival of the twentieth child, the parents thereof were stumped for a name. We'd suggest that its name was Legion.

Where the radio has it all over the stage is that it enables five or ten million persons to be bored all at the same time.

Towns that put up those signboards reading, "You Are Leaving Mudville—Thank You and Call Again," should be known as the resorts courtesous.

Since the discovery that Pompeii had its Tammany, it seems likely that the last days were due to the corruption of Vesuvius.

Henry Ford's neighbors must want him to be President for the simple reason that the President lives a thousand miles from Dearborn, Mich.

The reading public wants to see Andy Volstead's political biography—complete.

It should encourage habits of cleanliness to notice that the man who Cleans Up usually amasses a Neat Pile or a Tidy Sum.

The Slovaks, despite all efforts at nationalism, still continue to be known as the Restless Czechs.

The Supreme Court's position in this country is already so strong that not even La Follette's attack on it can help.

Suggestion for James Reed's farewell address to the Senate: "I came; I saw—but I didn't concur."

Scientists have succeeded in changing the sex of banana flies by use of the X-ray, so all you have to do now is to write in and tell them how many you want changed.

The wife of a Prohibition Agent has been arrested in Pennsylvania for concealing liquor. This is awful! A seizer's wife should be above

suspicion.

Why not compromise by making lynching illegal except on holidays?

French cooks are complaining that they can't copyright their new dishes. Menus may yet contain such items as, "Asparagus Tips Bordelaise au Jus Gratin (copyright, 1922, by Henri Charvat; all dramatic rights reserved)."

What is needed, apparently, is some plan whereby Germany can be made to pay the bonus.

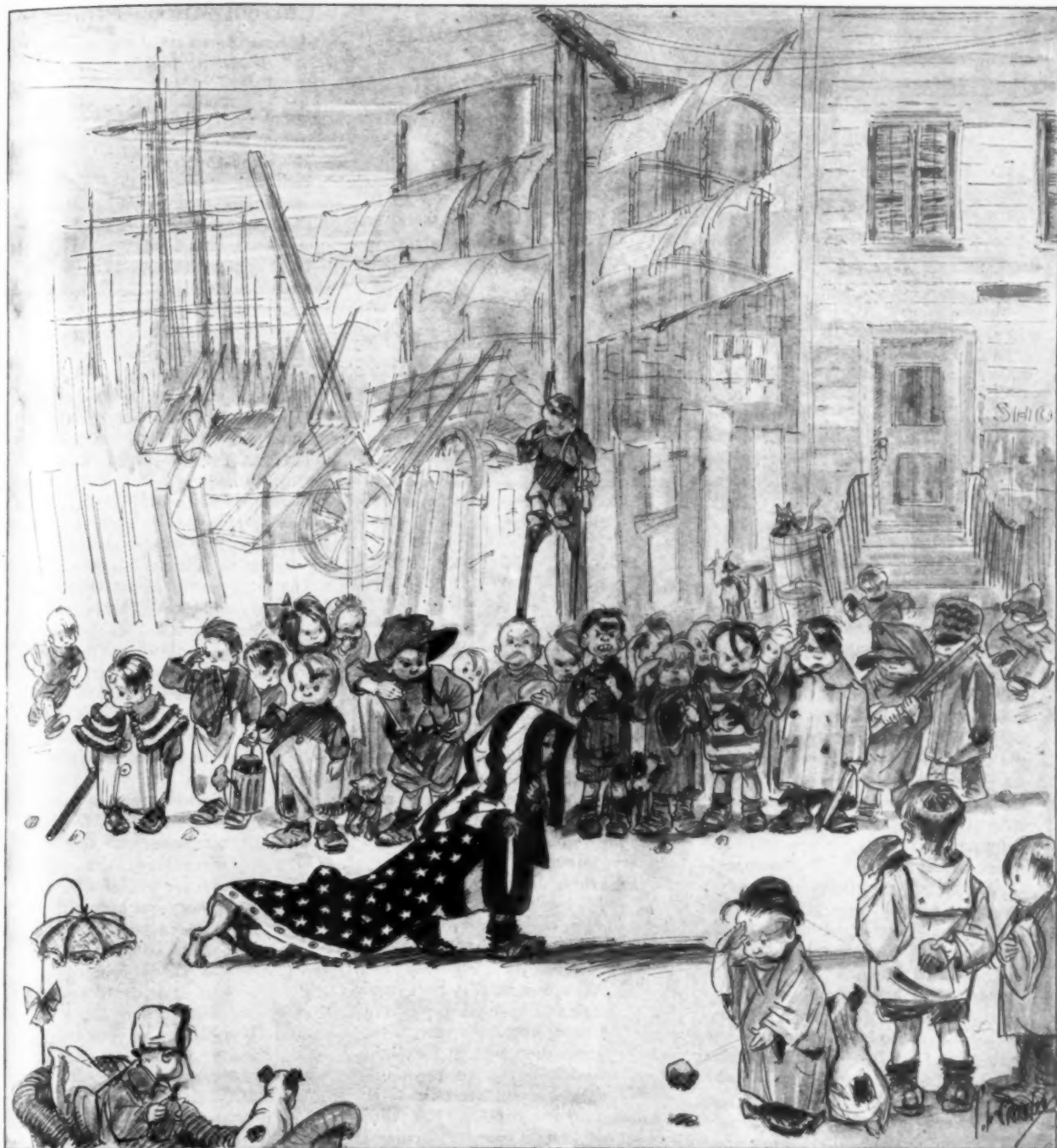


"Why didn't you like New York, Steve?"
"Aw, a man takes too many chances gettin' around."

Director of the Budget Dawes is the only Washington official who can cut a ridiculous figure without being laughed at.

There are two kinds of guests—those who come *after* dinner and those who come *after dinner*.

A Chicago girl has sued a cabaret proprietor for \$10,000, declaring that she has "contracted a disease that causes her limbs and body to quiver when she hears jazz music." The name of the disease, of course, is jazzma.



Nothing like the protection of "Old Glory" when a boy has to go to the store in a tough neighborhood

What Every Little Girl Knows

DOLLS make mothers of us all.
What is so rare as a birthday?
Hair ribbons make the lady.
You can't keep a horrid boy out of
a girl's game.
Love me, admire my new dress.

A little lie is an awful thing.
The fight is not always to the boy.
To be a wedding guest is human;
a flower girl, divine.
He who carries my books home,
steals my heart.

A set of dishes is a joy forever.
When in church, do as Grandma
does.
Helping mother is its own reward.
See a kitten and pick it up.
Perfection, thy name is Daddy!

E. J. K.



Whispers to Wives In Regard to Free-Spenders

IT has been claimed for husbands, among men in general, that they have more imagination than wives; whether among women in general or not is left to conjecture. Man, as the more fanciful and free spender; man, as the nature-loving, fervent soul, is to be extolled. Woman, an eternal Martha, does, and makes her helpmate do, dull things. O females of the species! O Penelopes! O Mary-Jane-Elizabets of to-day! Is this the case? Is a good wife of necessity a dispenser of dullness? It may be true. But if so, it is because she has more foresight, if less imagination, than her spouse, and foresight tells her what *will* happen, while imagination is luring him on with what *may*! Woman's instinct is as old as the eternal hills, and man's mind comes up green as the grass every spring.

Does he project that organ far enough into the future to inform him that the one hundred and twelfth time he does the same injudicious thing it will still be injudicious? No! If strawberries have always disagreed with him before, this time is going to be *the* time they do not! Does he ever bethink him, on the first of the month, that the afternoon game in the club-car invariably draws all the wages of all the servants out of his pockets as he travels

countryward to his loving household, and does he therefore refrain from playing? No! Fortune is certainly going to smile upon so good a fellow as he feels on *this* occasion! And if his particular Martha pulls a long face over it, a day on the golf-links with other nature-lovers will put *him* in better spirits and so efface the whole affair from *her* memory forever.

Well, there is nothing to say against this line of conduct; simple, bland, breezy. But our Martha, to vindicate herself, must emulate,—must transcend it! Shutting her eyes to the consequences she should rise to heights of spending compared to which her husband's are mere avarice. She should pitch foresight to the winds, instinct to the dogs, and forming her outward behavior upon that of the prodigal son, with a touch of Jezebel, return truculently to her home only when all other places have ceased to amuse.

C. D.

The Veil

SHE does not wear a veil—
The tears that she has shed
Since love lies dead,
Have woven lines of lace
That drape a soul-felt shadow
On her face.

Current Misconceptions

*A Few American Superstitions
Regarding the French*

THAT every French musical comedy contains at least one scene in which the chorus appears in the altogether.

That all French laborers wear corduroy bloomers and Windsor ties.

That the favorite French feminine expletive is "Ooo-la-la!"

That at least a hundred and fifty wronged working-girls jump into the Seine nightly.

That all Frenchmen of the *beau monde* wear corsets and straight slanting silk hats with flat brims.

That any French girl will permit a gentleman to kiss her after five minutes' acquaintance.

That no French family, however well off, possesses a bath-tub.

That a French workingman is immediately overcome with sheer aesthetic ecstasy in the presence of the Venus de Milo.

That all Frenchmen eat with their hats on, and tie their napkins around their necks.

That there is at least one racy peep-show on every Paris street corner.

That all old Frenchmen are *roués*. That the main character in all popular French fiction is a professional Don Juan.

That all French women wear knee-length skirts, and flirt with every man that passes.

That all Frenchmen are expert swordsmen and use perfumery.

That any French working-girl can take an old lace curtain, a yard of ribbon, and a discarded doily, and make herself a fashionable gown.

That the only style of shoes worn by Frenchmen have high heels, buttoned cloth tops, and are pointed like stilettos.

That the average French meal consists of twelve courses and requires two hours and a half for its consumption.

That the windows of all French stationery stores are filled with colored picture-post-cards of actresses scantily attired in diaphanous veils.

That the entire French nation is headed precipitously to the dogs as a result of drinking absinthe.

That all French maids wear sheer silk stockings, high-heeled satin pumps, and lace caps, and look like Ziegfeld Follies Girls.

Droit.

Tabloid Triangles

*Being a Summary of French Arts and Sciences
According to the Parisian Weeklies*

Summary of French Literature

PAUL and Fifi live together on the Rue de la Tromperie. They are married and have a cunning little bowl of goldfish. Paul is seventy-three years older than Fifi and has to go to Marseilles very often on business. He always carries an umbrella. One evening he misses the Sud Express, owing to having stayed too long in the Café Assignation talking to a little waitress. He returns home unexpectedly and finds Fifi and young Gavroche playing *vingt et un*. "I thought you were in Marseilles," says Fifi (in French). "Non," replies Paul. One French word leads to another and a scene ensues, during which Paul bursts a blood-vessel and dies. Fifi and Gavroche laughingly put on their things and go out into the languorous Parisian twilight to get a pail of absinthe.

Summary of French Drama

ACT I

The breakfast-room of Mimi's apartment on the Avenue Mauvaise Conduite. Mimi enters, singing "Madelon." She discovers Eduard writing a letter to Virginie making an appointment for three o'clock at the Pont Bœuf. She accuses him of infidelity, and tears the pictures down from the walls. He counter-charges her with infidelity and breaks all the glass in the windows. They both rush out into the street singing "Madelon."

ACT 2

The same afternoon. Virginie's apartment on the Rue Combien. Eduard enters, stamps across to the wardrobe and throws it open, discovering Jean. He turns and faces Virginie, accusing her of infidelity, just as Margot rushes in from the street, having seen him enter Virginie's apartment. Margot accuses Eduard of infidelity, and Virginie faints.

ACT 3

Eduard's home in Passy. His wife Suzette is discovered with Leon, accusing each other of infidelity. Eduard rushes in and finds them.

Eduard accuses Suzette just as Margot, Virginie and Mimi rush in, accusing Eduard. All join hands and sing "Madelon" as the curtain falls.

Summary of French Philosophy

All Truth is relative. Truth is based on the Oneness of Infinity, and the Oneness of Infinity is based on the hypothesis that the Greatest Good is derived from the ultimate Greatest Untruth. The hedonistic conception of the Greatest Untruth being the foundation of the Greatest Pleasure, and therefore the aim of all Being, we have the Business Trip of the Husband as the Ultimate End of human endeavor. Thus, if the Husband returns unexpectedly, the Cosmos is disturbed and Nature is disrupted. Therefore, the Ultimate Good is dependent on the Husband's catching his train.

Summary of French Science

Chemistry is that branch of natural science which has as its aim the development of some elixir which will make old men young again.

Mathematics deals with the proposition that the triangle should be made funnier.

Natural history began when the first dinosaur returned home unexpectedly.

Physics has as its aim the development of some property in matter by virtue of which a husband may be heard approaching a mile and a quarter away.

R. C. B.



For Valor

Ambassador Herrick bestows the only medal ever given by the United States Government to any community in the world, on the City of Verdun, June 4th, 1922



JULY 6, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 80. No. 2070

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANYLondon Offices, Rolls House, Brema Bldgs., London, E. C.
598 Madison Avenue, New York

SO many things are working out at this writing that looking at the current world is like looking into a kaleidoscope. Every morning in the papers there are new combinations, and again in the afternoon, and every day new disturbances about something. There are three bills, the Bonus bill, the Tariff bill and the Subsidy bill, competing for the right of way in the House, while the country seems to hope that none of them will get it. If they head one another off, there won't be many mourners. And there is the coal strike, which people begin to be thoughtful about, and the cut in railroad wages, which is a matter for headlines, and the possibility of combination between the coal miners and the railroad men. And of course there are the Irish troubles, though they seem to be getting better, and there are cries from Harvard about some question that concerns Jews, and Lord Northcliffe is not at all well, and his papers seem to be getting into a snarl, and Lenine seems to be ill and out of the control of things in Russia, and there is the Hague Committee Meeting, and the economic problems of Europe, and especially the problems of France. Troubles, troubles everywhere, and cures for them not at all obvious!



CONSIDER France. She wants money. She has paid an im-

mense deal for restorations and has a vast deal still to pay. She wants from Germany what Clemenceau worked the Treaty of Versailles to give her. She wants assurances from Russia that the property of her citizens in that country will be returned to them and that Russia's debt to France will be recognized. She cannot get these things solely by her own efforts. That seems to be realized even in France. She will not get them by military means. That also seems to be recognized. She will probably have to come to an understanding with Great Britain and Italy as to what she can get from Germany and how Germany can pay it, and probably she will have to agree pretty soon with other nations about some course in Russia. But to agree with anybody about what is coming to France and how she should get it, necessitates some abatement of her demands, and that she is very unwilling to concede.

Really it is an anxious time for France. Her birth rate, already low, is diminishing. She is worried about that because the German birth rate seems to be rising. There will again be two Germans to every Frenchman—perhaps there are already as many as that.

Since the war, France has seemed to have little idea of anything but military ability to make her safe, and for a considerable proportion of her fighting men she seems to expect to go to Africa. Somehow she must be protected and a reasonable assurance of security must be given her. This assurance the United States and Great Britain were expected to provide until the League of Nations got going strong enough to undertake it, but that plan fell through, so there is one great difficulty constantly under

consideration and discussion, and in process, let us hope, of some kind of solution.



MEANWHILE, from ten to twenty thousand Americans are going to Europe every week in search of rest and change, and a large proportion of them will get into France, will carry money there, will inspect the French people and find them for the most part highly competent and agreeable. They may not like French politics, but they are pretty sure to like the French people and to come home more appreciative than they went of the need of making France easy in her mind. What seems to be proceeding now in France is a slow, reluctant realization that safety for France must be co-operative—that it must be a part of a plan that will include provision for Germany and all the rest of Europe. France is very individual and does not like to be included in co-operative schemes, but she is also intelligent and can be trusted finally to recognize necessity when it really exists.



MR. HARDING'S administration is having a hard time. None of the Republican legislative proposals is popular. The Bonus bill is not; the Fordney Tariff threatens a very serious raise in the cost of living, and people do not like that, and they are apathetic about the Ship Subsidy bill which has developed a serious liquor complication. The shipping board, or whoever runs

the American passenger lines to Europe, says they must sell drinks on the American ships if they are to compete with the other ships in the business. That gives the Prohibitionists a great shock and they say—no subsidy for rum-selling ships!

That makes so difficult a complication that one would rather discuss something else, but the Bonus bill is not much better. It is so unpopular that when Commander MacNider lately addressed the American Federation of Labor about it he did not feel able to mention the Bonus at all, but spoke only of the need of providing for the disabled, as to which there is no dispute. He also emphasized the assertion that the Legion was not in politics, but that is much less indisputable, especially when he addresses the A. F. L.



AS for the Jews of Harvard, there have been many columns of discourse in the newspapers on that subject, but so far the clamor seems to be premature. There was wide publication of a correspondence be-

tween President Lowell and Graduate Benesch, of Cleveland. Mr. Benesch wrote to Dr. Lowell expressing astonishment at the "official statement issued with reference to restriction of enrollment." This statement seems to have been privately issued, but Graduate Benesch said it contained particular reference to the Jews and suggested the limitation of the numbers of them at Harvard. He pointed out to Dr. Lowell that Jews had been liberal contributors to the Harvard Endowment Fund, and hoped that the suggestion of limiting their number did not originate "in the fact that Jewish students, numbering perhaps ten per cent. of the student population at Harvard, are the successful contestants for perhaps fifty per cent. of the prizes and scholarships."

Somebody quoted Burbank, the plant wizard, as relating the other day: "I developed some walnuts without any shells, but I had to grow the shells back again for the birds ate them off the trees." If what Mr. Benesch says is true, it could be argued that Harvard would be justified for various reasons in growing thicker shells on her scholarships. But no trustworthy figures about the per-

centage of Jews in Harvard College are accessible to inquirers. There may be five per cent.; there may be twenty. Whatever the percentage is, it seems to be making some trouble which President Lowell wants to avert, and which the Boston Irish politicians think it good politics to make the most of. But it is not really a local trouble nor peculiar to Harvard. It is part of a large, difficult race problem which needs the carefullest handling from all parties concerned in it. If Harvard can solve it, the whole country will be her debtor.

AN example of the kind of advertising the overcrowded colleges ought to do is given by that accomplished word, foot and feature artist, Charlie Chaplin, who is quoted in the paper as saying:

From what they've said about Hollywood, one would imagine that it was filled with hop joints, wild women and all that sort of thing. I wish it were. It's the dearest, dullest hole in the world. I only stay out here because I can make my pictures outdoors. If I made my pictures in a studio I could make them just as easily and as cheaply in New York.

That is the way to talk about over-advertised places. If the crowded colleges had that sort of treatment, they would soon have rooms to rent.

E. S. M.



What's Wrong in This Picture?



LIFE



e Radio Expert



Chauve-Souris No. 2

A VISIT to the Century Roof, where the confidential Balieff is presenting his second program of the Chauve-Souris, convinces us that our irritation at the first was due almost entirely to the audience. If we had been let alone to enjoy it for what it was—a simple, naive presentation of native Russian vaudeville, done with childlike confidence and no pretense—we probably should have become a little boy again and clapped our hands with glee.

But we were surrounded by a lot of hyper-sensitive zealots who swooned and inhaled constantly, insisting that nothing more exquisitely original had ever been devised since the drying-up of the Red Sea.

Now whatever it was, the Chauve-Souris was *not* original. And, because we came out and thought so, we were cut off the calling-lists of all the best people in town, were unable to get past the head-waiters in the fashionable restaurants and finally were thrown into jail as a suspicious character.



THE second program is probably not quite so entertaining as the first, but we enjoyed it more. There was no attempt to force it down our throat with hosannas and Roman candles. No one in the audience swooned. They were just ordinary people who seemed to be get-

ting a tremendous amount of enjoyment of a very elementary kind out of some equally elementary stunts done, by a group of unspoiled artists.



THERE is, of course, Balieff himself, an excellent comedian and versatile linguist. Even through our tears of rage at the first performance we could see that he was funny. And he introduces in turn a series of acts, some of which are worth introducing, and some of which are not. There is a comedy skit, a song by two ladies, not always on the key, but kindly meant, a second showing of the immaculate wooden soldiers' drill, something queer in French called "The King Orders the Drums to Be Beaten," some excellent burlesque singing of a Spanish song by a male quartet, several rousing peasant and soldier choruses, the inevitable musical snuff-box and dancing figures on a Copenhagen plate, a conventional clown pantomime dance and an amusing bit of horse-play called "The Three Huntsmen."

Not a very imposing array, and if anyone tries to insist again that it marks an epoch in the creative artistry of the world we will brave jail once more and be nasty about it. But considered as a good evening's entertainment for simple souls in summer time, it is a distinct triumph. The view from the Century promenade alone is worth the trip.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Bat. *Morosco.*—Great Heavens, will this play never stop running?

The Cat and the Canary. *National.*—Cold chills for hot days.

The Hairy Ape. *Plymouth.*—Eugene O'Neill's powerful tragedy of brute man.

Lawful Larceny. *Republic.*—Gentleman and lady crook play.

Comedy and Things Like That

Captain Applejack. *Cort.*—Delightful burlesque romanticism, with Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash.

The Dover Road. *Bijou.*—English comedy and very nice.

The Goldfish. *Astor.*—Marjorie Rambeau in a fairly amusing mixture of good and bad.

Kempy. *Belmont.*—Excellent home comedy.

Kiki. *Belasco.*—Lenore Ulric in a vivid character sketch of French stage life.

Partners Again. *Selwyn.*—Business at the old stand with Potash and Perlmutter.

A Pinch Hitter. *Henry Miller's.*—Allan Pollock in conventionally amusing comedy of attempted divorce.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris.*—Ernest Truex and June Walker in a deserved success.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Blossom Time. *Ambassador.*—Franz Schubert's melodies made into a charming score.

Chauve-Souris. *Century Roof.*—A second

program for those who went wild over the first; reviewed in this issue.

Good Morning, Dearie. *Globe.*—High-class musical comedy.

Make It Snappy. *Winter Garden.*—Eddie Cantor funny in a better Winter Garden show than usual.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box.*—A revue that is a revue.

Shuffle Along. *Sixty-Third St.*—Negro singers and dancers in their second year of successful quick-stepping.

Spice of 1922. *Gaiety.*—To be reviewed later.

Strut Miss Lizzie. *Times Square.*—A Creole revue worth seeing.

Ziegfeld's Follies. *New Amsterdam.*—Will Rogers the high spot among many very ordinary ones.

The Waste-an-Hour Association

A Summer Slogan

DON'T BE A BEE!

You need LEISURE.

You need to learn the value of the Wasted Hour.

You want to join the LEISURE CLASS.

Of course you do!

Who remembers the busy hour?

It's the wasted hour that sticks in the memory.

Have you realized all you can leave undone in ONE LITTLE HOUR?

Give us an hour a day!

Join our association.

NO DUES, NO DINNERS, NO MEETINGS!

You practice at home or at the office.

Our aim is to make every man a man of leisure.

Our slogan is, "IT IS BETTER TO WASTE THAN TO WANT."

Begin NOW! Make a start by wasting ten minutes.

You belong not to Time but to Eternity.

Get in line with Eternity!

Loaf, and invite your soul, says Whitman. He knew.

All great men give Time the go-by.

The Wasted Hour is the hour that shines in the sordid day of busy hours, as a gorgeous butterfly glows in a swarm of bees.

DON'T BE A BEE!

Waste an Hour a day. Waste a day a week, waste a week a month. Keep this up. You'll soon find you can double on this schedule.

Remember this—the more time you waste the more you'll have. It's the busy hour that's short!

There is more time in one wasted hour than three busy ones!

DON'T BE A BEE!

H. H.

FATHER: Stop that racket.

SON: I don't want to.

FATHER: If you don't stop that racket immediately, I'll give you something to make a racket about and then you'll stop.

Verdun

CITY of war-worn glory, o'er whose walls

The smoke wreaths trembled where the ivy spread,
Weaving a halo not for serfs and thralls—

A nimbus to your own heroic dead.

Sentinel city, christened with the sword,

Baptized with blood beneath an orange sun;

Orphaned, thou art to all the world a ward—

The Golgotha of German hopes—Verdun.

City of Dead Man's Hill, of ruined towers,

Embattled streets where once the half-gods ran;

Thy walls once crumbled 'neath the leaden showers,

Thy name shall rise, a monument to man.

W. D.



Miss Gnu: There goes Willie Kangaroo. He's broken off his engagement to Isobel Wallaby.

Miss Gazelle: The little bounder!

Easy Conversations in Modern French

The Entente Cordiale

Q. Lloyd George, loves he the nation French? *A.* I think that yes (sarcasm).

Q. The nation French, loves she Lloyd George? *A.* I should have the hope to you to tell (more sarcasm).

Q. Is by hazard (*par hasard*) because Lloyd George understands the problem German of one fashion and that the nation French understands her of another? *A.* This time this, my old, you have knocked the beef's eye.

Q. If it not is not the devil, what is it that it is that Lloyd George wishes the beautiful France to give to the Germany? *A.* And sandwich of ham on of the bread rye, perhaps, and a glass of good beer.

Q. The beautiful France, would be she happy of it to do? *A.* The beautiful France would be cock-eyed (*louche*) crazy even to think of it to do.

Q. Shall we give three rousing cheers for Lloyd George? *A.* Assuredly.

The German Indemnity

Q. What is it that it is that that, the indemnity German? *A.* No, it is not.

Q. The militarism flagrant, of which the beautiful France herself occupies, can she have something of importance in regard to the indemnity German? *A.* Sit yourself down, if it you pleases. You speak outside of your turn.

Q. Is it not unpleasant to think that the beautiful France refuses to reduce her defenses and is not motivated by the altruism shown by the others, although having the worst suffered? *A.* Your questions, well intended (*bien entendu*), become a little indiscreet.

Q. Is it that, by hazard, the beautiful France understands her position better than they think? *A.* My dear sir, enter us into the conservatory. It makes very warm, here.
H. W. H.

Uncle Sam's Psychology

OH, Uncle Sam's a Puritan, when he has come ashore,
But out upon the open sea it's fun to see him pour
The heady wine in goblets and quaff it—Hip hurrah!
Here's to the freedom of the seas! Here's winking at
the law!

The tiller of the stubborn soil, the toiler in the mills,
Must sternly be prohibited the product of the stills;
No beer is for the roustabout, the digger in the mine,
But we who sail the ocean get our whisky and our wine!

A Dr. Jekyll on the land and Mr. Hyde at sea,
Our Uncle Sam's adaptable in his psychology;
And isn't he quite logical in sternly saying: "Let
The dry land be the dry land, the wet sea be the wet"?
E. S. V. Z.



"My dear, the only way to manage your future husband is—"

"Don't tell me, Aunt Prudence. I've noticed that the women who know how to do it never
get the chance."



LIFE'S Title Contest

FOR the best title to the Maxfield Parrish picture above, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize	\$500.00
Second Prize	\$200.00
Third Prize	\$100.00

The Contest will be governed by the following

CONDITIONS:

(Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.)

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the picture above.

The contest is now open and open to everybody, and will close at this office at noon on Tuesday, August 1st, 1922.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original, or may be a quotation from some well-known author, and should not exceed twenty words each. Contestants may send in more than one title, but not more than ten to a sheet.

Should we have duplicates of any of the winning answers, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest (allowing for completion of the final reading). Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The members of LIFE's staff, of course, are not permitted to compete.

All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing titles, typewritten or very plainly written, using one side of paper only, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet.

Mystery

WHERE does the tall sun walk at night?
Where is the frost, in June?
Where, by day, do the stars take flight,
Hoarding the silver moon?

Where did the roses learn to dress
Green with a crimson hood?
Who taught the gray dove tenderness,
Hid in the fearful wood?

Where do the tired sparrows sleep
When the still dusk has come?
Who crowned the breakers of the deep
With their eternal foam?

Where did the land's last lonely marge
First take the ocean's kiss?
And where did I get the nerve to charge
A dollar* a line for this?

C. W.

*I guess about fifty cents.—Editor.



"What do be this sex they're always talkin' about in th' pa-a-pers, Mrs. Clancy?"

"I dunno, Miss McFee, but it must be expinsive, or they wouldn't talk about it."



"Are you sure we are headed in the right direction, William?"

"Oh, yes, Uncle."

"Then turn your hat around, sir."

Low Bridge

Bridge Problem No. 95B

♥ 5 4 2		
♣ —		
♦ A 6 2		
♠ Q		
♥ —	Y	♥ J 9
♣ K J 2	A B	♣ —
♦ 10	Z	♦ J 7 5
♠ J 7 6		♠ A 10
♥ 8		
♣ 7 3		
♦ Q 9		
♠ 4 3		

A is a "student" of the game. She takes lessons from Prof. Stump. She has just told B for the seventh time during the evening that his lead of a nine "indicates" something or other. B silences her with exactly three words. What were those words?

Bridge Problem No. 96C

♥ Q 5 2		
♣ A K Q 7 6 4		
♦ K		
♠ K Q 2		
♥ J 9 4	Y	♥ A K 8 7 6
♣ 8 5 2	A B	♣ J 3
♦ Q J 10 5	Z	♦ 9 4 3
♠ J 9 6		♠ A 10 8
♥ 10 3		
♣ 10 9		
♦ A 8 7 6 2		
♠ 7 5 4 3		

A and B are anxious to paper the spare room. Y and Z need some new linoleum on the kitchen floor. It is the seventh rubber and the spare room is leading by 800 points. The linoleum finally wins out. How does it do it?

Bridge Problem No. 97Q

♥ 10 6		
♣ 10 6 5		
♦ K 9 7 5 3 2		
♠ 6 3		
♥ Q J 7 5	Y	♥ 9 8 3
♣ 8 7 4 3	A B	♣ A K 2
♦ Q J 8 4	Z	♦ 6
♠ 2		♠ A Q 9 7 5 4
♥ A K 4 2		
♣ Q J 9		
♦ A 10		
♠ K J 10 8		

It is Sunday night and the shades are drawn. Z has just doubled B's three spades and B is considering a redouble. The butler appears at the door and announces the minister is calling. How should this be scored?

The Broadening Influence

Conversation Overheard in a Pullman Smoker

AND I give you my word of honor as a gentleman, I don't believe I met one respectable woman,—not what I could recognize,—all the time I was in Paris.

I didn't see no churches neither. What? You thought there was *lots* of churches? Oh, you mean *cathedrals*! Oh sure, there was plenty of *them* but I'm speaking about *churches*. And the people you seen on the streets,—I don't know,—there was something about them that looked so *ignorant*, if you understand what I mean. They looked like they didn't know *nothing*; in fact, a lot of the men didn't have no neckties on 'em and all that. I think myself it's due to the fact that they ain't got the right kind of government or something.

Take their newspapers and they don't carry no advertisements to speak about, and the whole country looked the same way,—not exactly run *down*, but you could see they wasn't *getting* nowheres,—any number of men wearing whiskers and things like that.

And when I seen the way they had no filling stations and bought gas in flat cans the same like salad oil, I had to thank God I was an American.

Imagine selling gas that way! That's how they did *everything* so far as I could see,—policemen wearing whiskers, *too*, and they never heard tell of eating cereal for breakfast. I didn't get so much as a plate of oatmeal from the time I landed in France till I left and I can tell you I was glad to see the old U. S. A. again.

Of course I know that not understanding their language, anybody is liable to misjudge the French at that, but what I'm telling you about the French comes under my personal observation. You don't have to understand a new language to get them policemen with whiskers, and yet there is people right here in this country that think we done wrong in limiting emigrants to three per cent.

You take a people that buys gas in flat cans like salad oil, and how are they going to understand our institutions? I realize certainly that their government is different to ours and they probably got a lot of people over there that are pretty smart and would probably appreciate our American ideas if they *knew* about them, but at the same time, if they couldn't *see* what's under their nose, so to speak, like policemen wearing whiskers and so forth, I for one ain't got no hopes that we are going to Americanize what we've got *over* here as it is.

Naturally I'm glad I had the experience of going over there, because I've heard a lot about the French, and read a lot about them too,—Napoleon and the French Revolution. And I've heard people say: "Oh, the French *this*!" And: "Oh, the French *that*!" And that we ought to follow the French ideas in certain things. I even heard people say so that was over there *themselves*, but the trouble with people like that is that they don't *think*.

And they don't observe neither.

Montague Glass.



"That is Venus, Molly; it was named after a very beautiful woman."
"Was that the star the Wise Men followed?"

Tire Competition ~ Good, Bad and Indifferent

THE average American was raised on the idea that the more people who competed for his trade the better off he was.

Like many good ideas, it has several sides.

They all show themselves clearly in the tire business.

There are tires which prefer to compete largely on a price basis. Believing that the public is more interested in the dollars and cents they pay than in the worth of what they get.

On the other hand, U. S. Royal Cords believe differently.

And car-owners who use Royal Cords have a *plus* feeling which they get both from actual experience, and because they realize the integrity of the manufacturer.

People don't think of Royal Cords as high-priced tires. They think of them as *better* tires.

In the man who knows what a good, faithful product the Royal Cord is, the

tire that makes price its main argument, hardly arouses more than a little curiosity.

So which is better?

A tire that thinks a man has no judgment beyond his pocket-book?

Or a tire like the U. S. Royal Cord — which credits the public with the instinct for quality, and the sense to find out true economy?

Prices on United States Passenger Car Tires and Tubes, effective May 8th, are not subject to war-tax, the war-tax having been included.

United States Tires
are Good Tires

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U. S. Tire Co.

U. S. Royal Cord Tires
United States  Rubber Company

Fifty-three
Factories

The Oldest and Largest
Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and
thirty-five Branches





At Last! A Good Scotch Joke!

SANDY: Braw gowans! Ma bonnie wee lass! An' wi' ye ha' a tassie o' guid willie-waugh, ere ye raikie canty to yon manzy kirk?

MAC: Shame, mither! Is your pow beld, that ye ken not yon mooted corby ha' left her hauf lane i' the bughts?

VOICE FROM WITHIN: Hae it yer ain way! Baith o' ye! —*Yale Record.*

Thoughts After Forty

A man came to see me the other day with a book demonstrating that we are all free and equal. Said he was only offering it to a few of our best people. —*W. S. Adkins, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

JACK: I've a little secret for you, dear.

JEAN: Just a second, and I'll get a couple of glasses. —*Brown Jug.*

"MIGHT I ask you for this dance?"

"Please do, I've been dying to refuse you all evening." —*Flamingo.*



THE CAREFREE WORKMAN

"Did you see that they're trying to assail the eight-hour law?"

"What do I care? I never worked that long in my life."

—*Le Rire (Paris).*

Too Old

A little girl stood weeping by a pillar-box. Noticing her plight, an old gentleman asked her what was the matter.

"I—I wanted to post a letter," she replied, between her sobs, "and, not having a stamp, I put twopence in the slot, but —no stamp has come out!"

Immediately the old gentleman burst into tears.

"What are you crying for?" asked the little girl.

"To think," he said, chokingly, "that a nice little girl like you should try to get money out of me with such an old chestnut as that!"

—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

A Kitchen Doorkeeper

"What does your father do?" asked the Lieutenant of the detective bureau, of a three-year-old boy who was brought into the office lost.

"He makes me stay out of the kitchen while mamma cooks dinner," responded the three-year-old.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

MUJIK (in Moscow): Pardon me, I am just as much a Russian as you.

RED GUARD: Your opinion doesn't count. If you aren't a Bolshevik you aren't a Russian—you are only a dirty capitalist. —*L'Illustration (Paris).*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, J. R. Tanguay, 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

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Strictly Limited to 400 Guests

Jan. 24th to May 31st, 1923. Sailing Eastward from New York

THIS magnificent Golden Jubilee Cruise will commemorate the 50th year since Thomas Cook, the founder of our organization, conducted his first party around the world.

For over four months our guests will travel amidst the wonderful sights and sites along the Seven Seas—a Cruise covering 30,000 miles.

A superb itinerary embracing—Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, Port Said, Cairo and the Pyramids; Bombay, Ceylon, Calcutta, and other towns in India; Rangoon in Burma;

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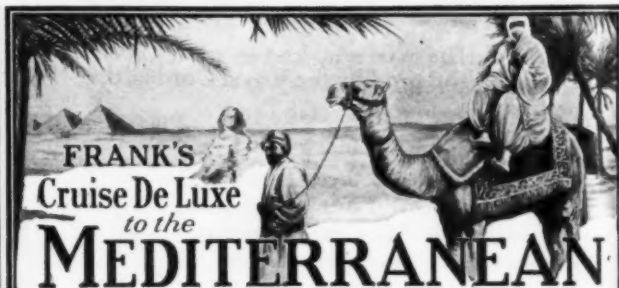
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The "Scythia" is a veritable floating palace, with spacious decks, lounges, veranda cafes, 2 elevators, commodious state-rooms with running water and large wardrobes; bedrooms and suites with private baths. The famous Cunard cuisine and service. (Only one sitting for meals.)

Free optional return passage at later date by any Cunard steamer from France or England.

Rates, \$600 and up, including shore excursions and all expenses. Early reservations advisable.

Full information on request

FRANK TOURIST CO.
489 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK ESTABLISHED 1915 219 So. 15th ST. PHILADELPHIA

"And No One Shall Work for Money"

LIFE's recent decision to use contributors' initials only brings forth the following protest.

Being one day quite active in the bean
And ruminant on adventitious fame,
I wrote some verses for a magazine,
Received a prompt acceptance of the
same—
Delightful was the ample cheque which
came.

Later, I saw in print each mighty line,
Except for one thing, all was grand and
swell,
Only initials marked that poem as
mine—

No signature except a mere "B. L.";
And next time—that is, should there
ever be a

Recurrence, I must try to beat the
game.

Don't you consider this a good idea?

—Baird Leonard, in New York
Morning Telegraph.

Let Them Smoke

WOMEN who do not want their
husbands to smoke are very
short-sighted. All husbands must die
some time, and in the meantime it
keeps them out of mischief and
happy to smoke. No man who is
smoking a pipe can be hatching up
devilry at the same time. When the
Indian wished to resume foreign re-
lations he used the pipe as a symbol
of peace. As long as he smoked,
scalping had no charms for him.

According to Shakespeare, you re-
member, Cæsar said: "Let me have
men about me that are fat; sleek-
headed men and such as sleep o'
nights." It is a good guess that Cas-
sius did not use tobacco in any form.
And look what he did. He was the

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NEW YORK

kind of person who goes about wrecking cities and nations because he must have some fun. The trouble with such people is that they have denied themselves innocent relaxation, and haven't enough vices to keep them from being a menace to society.

The Hot Air Prize

"WHERE did you get that quaint old medal?"

"Oh, that's an heirloom. My grandfather won it in an oratorical contest."

"Indeed. Sort of a hot-heirloom, isn't it?"

1ST WALKINGSTICK: Sturdy young fellow—that Ash.

2ND WALKINGSTICK: Yes, he comes from good old Alpenstock.



"Our hostess is rather put out—there will be thirteen at table."
"Is she superstitious?"
"No—but she has only twelve of everything."
—Le Rire (Paris).

"I have read this book with outward roaring and inward delight."

CYRIL ALINGTON'S THROUGH THE SHADOWS

is without a single page of gloom—a joyous book—a book of real people in irresistibly funny situations! "They are laughing from coast to coast over it!"

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"Anyone who objects to laughing should not read it." —*The Globe*.

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"One of the funniest books I have read for a long time, delightfully, deliciously humorous. At the end everyone is happy, including the reader." —*W. O. T. Public Ledger*.

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"One of the cleanest, jolliest bits of fun that has been on the book table for a long time." —*Globe Democrat*.

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"One of the funniest books that has been printed in many moons. A notable contribution to humorous literature. A laugh on every page and many single pages literally crowded with laughs." —*The Democrat and Chronicle*.

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"Every page is entertaining." —*The Post*.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Dad O'Shea and the Speed Demon

Dad O'Shea owns an extensive apple orchard, and he and his five stalwart sons run it "to suit ourselves," though not always with the best results. Across the bay Raymond Barlow, an Eastern college man and "book farmer," owns an equally extensive orchard and somehow, much to Dad's chagrin, succeeds in making money out of it. Dad seems to take it as a personal affront that Barlow actually makes a financial success of orcharding.

But in spite of limited returns from crops Dad bought a showy, six-cylinder touring car. "Now I'm warnin' ye," he said to his sons, "she ain't fer you young fellers to bat around the country! Recollect she cost nigh as much as a house. Tin mile an hour's enough over these roads, and I'm ridin' wid ye to see that it's kept."

One day when they were driving homeward a little horn squawked behind them on the narrow road.

"Step on her, Frank!" urged Al. "Speed her up!"

"Ye'll do nawthin' of the kind," declared Dad. "Ye know what I told ye."

"Aw, it's only Ray Barlow; he can get by," said Jim, glancing through the back window.

"Ray Barlow!" cried Dad. "Step on 'er, Frank. Speed 'er up! Shake every bolt and nut av 'er, by crickets! Let's see what she'll do fer wanst!"

—*Youth's Companion*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Irony of Fate

"Ah," sighed the serious-faced passenger, "how little we know of the future and what it has in store for us."

"That's true," his seat-mate responded.

"Little did I think when some thirty years ago I carved my initials on the desk in the old country school that I would some day grow up and fail to become famous." —*Boston Transcript*.

How to Give Notice

MISTRESS (to new cook-general): You must have breakfast ready by seven to-morrow, as your master wants to catch the seven-forty-five train.

NEW COOK-GENERAL: I'm catchin' it meself. —*Punch*.

Novelette

I.

They met. They felt they had known each other for thousands of years.

II.

They married. Then they were sure of it. —*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Look in the Congressional Record if you want to see what Representative Twobble is doing."

"That only tells what he's saying."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

SIGN on small repair shop:
LEVE CARS HERE TO BE FIXED & IMPAIRED
—*Nashville Tennessean*.

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"No, we can't marry each other. We are not related."

"Take papa, for instance, he married mamma, and grandfather married grandmother."

—*Flirt (Paris)*.

DOYLE has liquor in his spirit world. At last the table-rapping mystery is explained. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

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THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

The Ordeal. *Paramount.*—An aptly named drama about a woman who is victimized by fate, with Agnes Ayres and the audience doing most of the suffering.

Sonny. *First National.*—Richard Barthelmess and Henry King collaborate on a picture that is not so good as "Tolable David," but is still far above the average.

The Stroke of Midnight. *Metro.*—Sordid Swedish picture with some splendid acting and a great deal of boredom.

Supply and Demand. *McDonald.*—An amusing little comedy about a boy who goes into the mouse-trap business.

Golden Dreams. *Goldwyn.*—A number of absurd situations strung together in incoherent disorder.

One Clear Call. *First National.*—Henry B. Walthall contributes a singularly fine performance to a story that is weakened by artificial hokum.

Nero. *Fox.*—The annual Fox historical film, with the usual quantity of royal vampires, chariot races, camels, lions and bunk. Insufficiently entertaining.

Yellow Men and Gold. *Goldwyn.*—Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix in a vivid melodrama of the "Seven Keys to Baldpate" variety.

Over the Border. *Paramount.*—The Canadian Northwest Mounted Police versus the Bootleggers' Expeditionary Force. The conflict drags in spots.

The Crossroads of New York. *Sennett.*—A quick-action comedy-drama with all the well-known Sennettors in the cast.

Missing Husbands. *Metro.*—Two French officers go astray in the desert, and wander into the lost continent of Atlantis, where they are seized by a beautiful queen and converted into gold statues.

Sherlock Holmes. *United Artists.*—The great John Barrymore in a splendid picture, based on the detective stories that Conan Doyle used to write before he fell into the River Styx.

Gymnasium Jim. *Sennett.*—Another foolish, and extremely funny, Sennett comedy.

For Review Next Week.—"The Storm," "South of Suva" and "The Top of New York" R. E. S.



"Tell me, old man, why have you always painted your Academy pictures in that curious shape?"

"My frame's this size."

—London Mail.



They Fight Film—

They who have pretty teeth

Note how many pretty teeth are seen everywhere today. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. They remove the dingy film. The same results will come to you if you make this ten-day test.

Why teeth are cloudy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Film absorbs stains, then it often forms the basis of thin, dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods do not effectively combat it. So most teeth are discolored more or less.

Thus film destroys tooth beauty. It also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

Now a daily remover

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat film. Authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists, nearly

all the world over, are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created to comply with modern requirements. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Its unique effects

Pepsodent, with every use, attacks the film on teeth.

It also multiplies the starch digester in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which may cling to teeth and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

In these three ways it fights the enemies of teeth as nothing else has done.

One week will show

Watch these effects for a few days. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Enjoy the refreshing after-effects.

Do this to learn what millions know—the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



One symptom they don't discuss

NO matter how well you know a person—maybe even your very closest friend—there is one subject you instinctively avoid.

You may discuss the most intimate things about your family, your business and your most personal affairs, but this one topic you dodge. There is something about halitosis (the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) that seems to forbid honest conversation about it.

Yet the insidious thing about halitosis is the unfortunate fact that any one may suffer from it and in nine cases out of ten you are not conscious of it yourself. So unless you use some sensible scientific precaution you may go through your day or evening uncomfortable and concerned, wondering whether or not you are offending people about you.

Unless halitosis is a symptom of some serious organic disorder which a physician or dentist should correct, you may easily put yourself upon the safe and polite side by using Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic. In most cases it is merely local and temporary.

Meet halitosis in a scientific way—with Listerine. It is the ideally effective mouth deodorant.

Fastidious people everywhere make Listerine a regular part of their daily toilet routine. Simply use it as a mouth wash and gargle. It acts quickly and pleasantly. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Your druggist has handled Listerine for years and regards it as a safe, effective antiseptic of great merit. It has now been on the market for half a century.

Start using Listerine today. Put your mind at ease. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, Mo.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



I Interview Fritz Frosch

THE world is only just beginning to realize the amazing extent and ramifications of the sausage industry of which Herr Fritz Frosch is the controlling genius. Figures have recently been compiled which indicate that a year's output of the Fritz Frosch sausage plant, with strings uncut, would furnish material sufficient to wrap a girdle three times about the star Betelgeuse.

I went to Germany primarily to study the consequences which the enormous growth of this industry and the enormous consumption of the Frosch product have brought to the German people. "How will it affect the payment of reparations?" I asked myself. Later I was to ask this same question of Herr Frosch himself. Yes, I was to stand in the presence of this amazing man.

Long before I met him I crossed his path a score of times. Frosch has an insatiable curiosity to know at first hand how and to whom the Frosch sausage is selling. I dogged him from one delicatessen shop to another.

I realized the task I had set myself was nothing if not superhuman. Frosch detested interviewers—would tell them nothing. I was determined that he should tell me everything. I wanted to know how the Frosch sausage came to be the dominating motif of his life, how he intends to carry out his dream of placing a sausage rack in every Eskimo igloo.

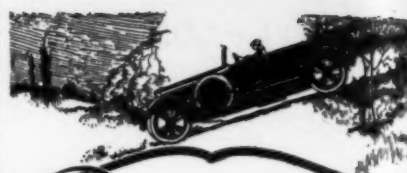
I realized that to reach Frosch I must first reach somebody already close to him. By great good fortune I succeeded in meeting his tailor. "How can I get to Herr Frosch?" I asked him. We discussed the matter at great length, and finally the tailor suggested that I disguise myself as his assistant and be on hand in the shop when Herr Frosch appeared to order his next suit of clothes. This, he said, was certain to be very soon, as Frosch had now been wearing the same suit for fifteen years. This amazing man cares absolutely nothing about clothes. He has been known to leave his bath in the morning and casually make his way toward the street, without even stopping for breakfast.

The great day came. Frosch entered the tailor shop briskly one morning, and said peremptorily to the tailor: "I want a suit of clothes at once. I cannot wait longer than five minutes." Frosch is a man who acts instantly himself, and demands the same quality in others.

"It is impossible, Herr Frosch," said the tailor.

"Nothing is impossible," Frosch said the tailor.

(Continued on page 32)



Depending on **GARCO** ASBESTOS PRODUCTS

Motorists use GARCO Asbestos Brake Lining because it is *solidly-woven* and wear-resisting. Battleships, liners, railways and great industrial plants depend upon GARCO packings to conserve power and increase efficiency. The housewife, too, knows well the durability of GARCO Asbestos Heater Cord. In industry, public service, on the seas and in the home, GARCO Asbestos Products are selected because of *standardized Quality*.

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Mr. Millionbucks (at crockery smashing booth): We should like to have a shy too. Have you anything in real porcelain?

—Lustige Blätter (Berlin).

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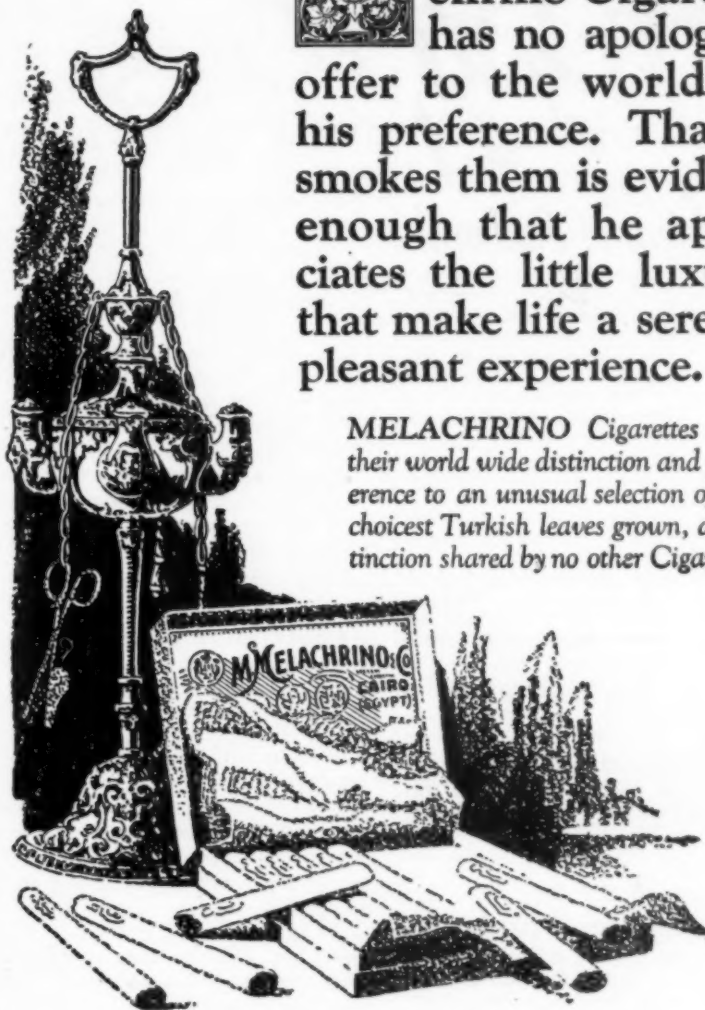
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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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The Polite Art of Argument A Dialogue

"IT'S a curious fact, but . . ."
"Still, it always seemed to me"
"But allow me to remind you . . ."
"Somehow I can not help feelin'."
"May I venture to suggest . . ."
"On the contrary, it would appear . . ."
"Consider for a moment . . ."
"But it strikes me as rather . . ."
"And yet, you must admit . . ."
"It all depends on how . . ."
"I dare say, but after all . . ."
"Unfortunately, I . . ."
"It is, I feel, nevertheless true . . ."
"I don't deny for a minute . . ."
"But is it not a fact . . ."
"Of course, but then again . . ."
"Pardon my frankness, but . . ."
"Forgive me if I suggest . . ."
"Surely there can be no question . . ."
"I freely admit that . . ."
"If you will pardon my saying so . . ."
"Well, yes, in a way . . ."

I Interview Fritz Frosch

(Continued from page 30)

replied angrily, in the phrase that has helped to make him famous, and started toward the door. I darted forward and caught at his coat tail just before he stepped outside. Long years of interviewing the greatest men of my generation have taught me the inestimable value of a proper approach.

He wheeled, and I realized at once that I was face to face with Fritz Frosch, one of the most marvelous men of our era.

He does not look like a great maker of sausages at all. In fact, so deceiving is the man's appearance, that if he were dressed in rags, you would probably take him for a beggar. Dressed in the proper livery, he might even pass for a chauffeur.

"Herr Frosch," I demanded, "what do you consider will be the effect of your sausage output upon the payment of the German reparations?"

He glanced at me keenly for a moment through his lorgnette—it is the only affectation he has—and then broke into a hearty laugh.

No one, I was told afterwards, had ever heard Frosch laugh before. I stood there, watching him laugh.

"Do you know," he said, "I don't believe they ever will be paid. But the Frosch sausage will enter every home in the world."

J. D. A.

"JENKS tells me he goes in strongly for uplift."

"Uh-huh. His favorite expression is, 'I raise you one.'"



Finish! It takes but a glance at an assortment of Keen Kutter pocket knives to know there are none better. Their finish bespeaks through-and-through quality.

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"TAKE ME WITH YOU IF YOU WANT
TO BE POPULAR"

Are You Going On a Vacation?

Then this gentleman's advice is sound. Who doesn't like to be popular, especially on an outing? **LIFE** is a strong favorite with summer readers—not alone your friends, who will appreciate your copy, but with other folks too—and they may get to the news stand first. To ensure your unvarying popularity on rainy days as well as bright ones, Obey That Impulse and Subscribe!

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Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is now building at Buffalo, to open early in 1923; 500 more rooms will be added later.



A Word About the Room-Clerks in the Statler-Operated Hotels

By E. M. STATLER—being one of a series of
ads embodying instructions to Statler employees.

About nine-tenths of any traveler's first opinion of a hotel is made at the room desk.

The room-clerk's job isn't an easy one, as you may have observed. He has to be a diplomat and a gentleman, he has to have tact and patience and an easy-working smile—if he is to be a *good room-clerk*. And I am going to undertake the job of seeing that you meet no other kind in these hotels. I won't have people, when they come to us to buy something, handled brusquely or listlessly or uninterestedly, if I can help it—and I think I can.

You may be interested in seeing some of the instructions we give to our room-clerks, by way of defining what we require of those men who represent us to you:

Instructions to Room-Clerks

"In the first place, you have to take seriously and literally every word of instruction in The Statler Service Codes.

"You have to remember that you are never doing a man a favor in selling him a room. I have seen room-clerks who looked bored, or superior, or patronizing—grunting acknowledgments, dictating terms, working grudgingly. But I want to say that nobody can do that in our hotels and stay on the job.

"You won't always have just what a man asks for at just the moment he asks for it, of course. Watch, particularly and especially, the way you handle people who

want the kind of rooms on which you are oversold. I know, and you know, that the traveling public gets a square deal at our room desks; but it is quite easy—*dead easy*—for you to give the customer an idea that he isn't getting a square deal. All he has to judge by, you see, is *your interest in his request*. Watch yourself.

"If you can't meet and care for people in this spirit, if you can't or won't be courteous and helpful and gracious and pleasant at every step of your work—and with your fellow employees as well as with our guests—don't try to be a room-clerk here."

E. M. Statler

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York. *The Largest Hotel in the World*

COLGATE'S

"HANDY GRIP"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Refill Shaving Stick



The metal "Handy Grip," containing a trial size stick of Colgate's Shaving Soap sent for 10c. When the trial stick is used up you can buy the Colgate "Refill," for the price of the soap alone. There are 350 shaves in a Colgate Shaving Stick—double the number you can get from a tube of cream at the same price.

Easier than Renewing the Lead in a Metal Pencil

PUTTING a Colgate "Refill" Shaving Stick into the "Handy Grip" is like putting a new lead in a metal pencil—but easier, and done in an instant.

The "Handy Grip" and container will last for years. "Refills" cost the price of the soap alone.

Lather with Colgate's, and shave with comfort. Use hot or cold water. The fragrant, softening lather needs no mussy rubbing in with the fingers. It makes shaving easy, and leaves the face cool and refreshed.

The stick is the most economical form of shaving soap. We can give you this assurance impartially, since we make shaving powder and cream, as well as shaving sticks. But if you prefer cream, you will acknowledge when you have shaved with Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream that you never knew before how good a shaving cream could be. It is one of our latest products, made on a new principle, and brought to perfection after years of scientific effort.



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